

chess. I had settled myself upon a low, embroidered footstool, and was holding some wool as Madame de Villeneuve wound them, and at a little distance from us sat Eugene, who would occasionally read aloud extracts from the *Figaro* he held in his hand. Surely a more peaceable, cheerfully-entertained party it would have been difficult to discover; and no one would have fancied, in seeing us, that the supreme scene of a terrible life-drama was about to be enacted there in our midst.

Monseigneur, whose one carnal weakness was a passion for chess, could no more have concealed his delight than that game terminated in his favor than could a schoolboy have repressed his joy upon winning a hardly-contested game of marbles; while Mr. de Trevor, who considered himself an authority on the subject, was incapable of accepting a defeat gracefully, moved to the Marquise's side, and from there commenced



"MIGHT BE CONSIDERED A MURDER."

pouring a volley of Parthian shots into the enemy's camp, which, we all felt, would shortly lead to one of their most animated and soul-stirring arguments.

Forgetting our different occupations—if sitting with outstretched hands, as I was doing, could be dignified by such a name—we were all listening eagerly, while even seeing Eugene had laid aside his paper and was observing the disputants narrowly as question and repartee flew back and forth with electric sparkle and rapidity. The words had reached a point of deepest interest, when Mr. de Trevor, profoundly mortified by receiving a retort which cut the ground completely from beneath his feet, leaning carelessly back in his chair, and speaking in a tone whose lightness contrasted strangely enough with the marked fervor of a moment before, said:

"Ah, well! you may, after all, be right. Yet it strikes me you must sometimes hear of very curious things in your confessional. Tell me, do you not?"

A look of pained and shocked annoyance appeared momentarily on the priest's kindly

face—seemed to answer, his eyelids closed with a quick, spasmodic movement, and the next instant he lay, at all his length, face downward, on the floor. Oh, if I could have helped my poor Margaret then! What she suspected I cannot say; but as she saw—as she supposed—her lover lifeless, and near him, with a look of cold and cynical triumph on his face, the Marquis de Flavellles, she made one bound, and, standing before Saint Armand's prostrate form, gasped forth the one word—"Murderer!"

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"Pardon, Mademoiselle! The murderer lies at your feet!"

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Fortunately, Mr. de Trevor—who with incredible swiftness had placed himself beside Flavellles—here caught his arm, and with alternate menaces and prayers led him from the room, just as Margaret, with a long, shivering sob, mercifully lost consciousness.

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We had been there but a short time before, to mother's amazement—I had nearly said horror—my cousin evinced a feverish desire to visit the desolate habitation where dwell those most wretched outcasts of humanity—the lepers. Did some instinct tell her that the brave man of whom we heard such frequent mention as one having come out to devote his life to relieving the sufferings of these poor creatures—might be, must be Philippe? Ah, that I cannot tell! But there it was, as we had stopped, along with the Sister of Mercy who accompanied us—for Margaret, though living in our Protestant home, had been brought up in her mother's faith—to offer some assistance to one of those poor sufferers, he found her, and his sharp, startled cry of "Marguerite!" first told her of his presence.

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Fancy his surprise at finding the managers, who were averse to having anything in praise of wine read to the pupils, making an alteration in the lines:

"And now I come with this lost love of mine, To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine, To the following:

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Swellings.

In the neck, or Gout, caused me terrible suffering, and I spent an enormous amount of money for medicine, in vain. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a few weeks I found the swelling very much reduced, and I could breathe freely with perfect ease, and my health was restored.

I had not done for years. I continued with HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA and am permanently cured. Mrs. JENNIE BROWN, Fremont, Mich.

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"Ah, well! you may, after all, be right. Yet it strikes me you must sometimes hear of very curious things in your confessional. Tell me, do you not?"

A look of pained and shocked annoyance appeared momentarily on the priest's kindly

face, fading gradually to a rapt expression, which told that his thoughts had traveled far from his actual surroundings. Then, in an absent tone—such as a person speaking in his sleep might use—he said: "The first confession to which I ever listened was that of what, by the world at large, might be considered—a murder."

As the grave, measured tones ceased, I—I was always too stupidly impressionable—felt a cold chill creep over me, while a silence so profound settled upon us all that there was a general start as a burning log changed suddenly its position on the hearth. At the same moment voices were heard without, then approaching footsteps; and, as a servant drew aside the heavy portiere, Margaret—her radiant beauty increased tenfold by happiness—stood, side by side with Philippe, in the doorway.

So engrossed had we been by the subject under discussion, and so amazed were we at being thus suddenly recalled to the affairs of every-day life by the appearance of my cousin and Count Saint Armand, that for a brief instant no one spoke.

It was Madame de Flavellles who, finally, smiling gently, broke the silence. "Lest too, Marguerite! Welcome back cherie! We have missed thee sadly. Philippe, mon ami, thou shouldst know, I think, Monseigneur Lessert, our good Cure of Saint Philippe du Roule, who has come now to be our Bishop here at Tours."

Over St. Armand's face flashed a look of pleased though startled recognition, and, stepping quickly toward the priest, who had risen to receive him, he exclaimed:

"What! remember the good Abbe Lessert? Most assuredly I do! And he, I think, can hardly have forgotten that I was the first person whom he received in the confessional after his ordination as priest."

How often, in my dreams, have I lived over again the dismay and terror of that moment, during which each person present seemed literally changed to stone!

Over Monseigneur's face had spread a livid hue, while M. de Trevor, who was deeply attached to Philippe, had also grown deadly pale. Neither la Marquise nor Madame de Villeneuve appeared to have perceived the horror of the situation, and were looking in wonderment from one blanched face to another, when a short, harsh laugh—terrible in its triumph—broke the awful silence, and Eugene de Flavellles, starting to his feet, moved several paces nearer to where Philippe stood, while Margaret, with eyes dilated by terror—though of what she knew not—sprang forward, and dropping on her knees beside Madame de Flavellles, said, hurriedly:

"But, ma tante! what has happened? Are you not glad to see us here? I—"

She got no farther, however, for during this time Eugene had addressed some words in a low, abrupt tone to Philippe, and as the latter—from whose face all color had

fled—seemed to answer, his eyelids closed with a quick, spasmodic movement, and the next instant he lay, at all his length, face downward, on the floor. Oh, if I could have helped my poor Margaret then! What she suspected I cannot say; but as she saw—as she supposed—her lover lifeless, and near him, with a look of cold and cynical triumph on his face, the Marquis de Flavellles, she made one bound, and, standing before Saint Armand's prostrate form, gasped forth the one word—"Murderer!"

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MYSTERY.

M. VICTOR GOODRICH.

"SWAMP AGONY."

Swamp Agony is one of our younger poets, his poem "Swamp Agony" was published in the issue of the 7th of June, 1893, when he sent it to the editor of the "National Tribune," one of the "National Tribune's" department. He was born in Dover, N. H., Jan. 7, 1871, in the town of Harmon, N. H., residing near what is called the Green River Swamp.

hence his nom-de-plume; last year took up his abode in Rock Falls. His contributions have been chiefly to "Complications," several appearing over the name of R. N. N. He never met any of the fraternity, although he has a short distance from the town of Harmon, N. H., where he has published some of his work, and has more filed for early use.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 91.

821-Lived; devil. 822-Port; used. 823-1. 824-1. 825-1. 826-1. 827-1. 828-1. 829-1. 830-1. 831-1. 832-1. 833-1. 834-1. 835-1. 836-1. 837-1. 838-1. 839-1. 840-1. 841-1. 842-1. 843-1. 844-1. 845-1. 846-1. 847-1. 848-1. 849-1. 850-1. 851-1. 852-1. 853-1. 854-1. 855-